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It was altogether by accident that the Littleford chief found his weapons. He had dropped a small coin through a crack in the floor. Babe was quick to say that she would crawl under the house and look for the coin, although she had just put on a freshly-laundered blue-and-white calico dress. Her anxiety showed plainly in her face. Her father questioned her sharply, and she stammered in spite of herself. Ben Littleford's suspicions were aroused.

So he came out from under the cabin floor with his hands full of the steel of rifle barrels, and with the money forgotten. He placed the rifles carefully on the floor of the porch, turned and caught his daughter by the arm.

"Who hid 'em?" he demanded gruffly. "I hid 'em," was the ready answer, defiant and bitter—"I, me! What're you a-goin' to do about it?"

Littleford flung his daughter's arm from him. He was king, even as John Moreland was king. His keen eyes stared at the young woman's face as though they would pierce it.

"What made you hide 'em?" he growled. "Say, what made you do it?"

"To try and save human lives, 'at's why!" Babe answered. "That man from the city—what'll he think o' us a-doin' this-away, a-fightin' like crazy wildcats?"

"Ef he don't like the way we do here, he can go back home," retorted the angry mountaineer. "He ain't tied is he?"

Babe smiled a smile that was somehow pitiful, and turned off.

"The ain't no use in a-argyin' with you, pap," she said helplessly. "I—might'n't wish it was dead."

At that instant the gate creaked open. Babe glanced toward it and saw coming that black beast of a man, Adam Ball the Goliath, and he was armed heavily; in one hand he carried a new high-power repeating rifle, and around his great waist there was a new belt bristling with long, bright smokeless cartridges fitted with steel-jacketed bullets.

When Dale and his companion reached the cabin, Addie Moreland met them. Anxiety was breaking her heart.

"Mr. Dale," she pleaded, "I want you to go down that to the river and see ef the's anything ye can do to stop it afore it begins. You jest walk out bold in the open and ye won't be shot at, and I'll be obliged to ye. Oh, I know the ain't but one chancin' in ten thousand, but I'm a-prayin' ye'll strike that one chancin'."

Dale knew that he could do nothing toward bringing peace, and he knew that John Moreland would be angry at his interfering. But he nodded and went toward the river. He didn't have the heart in him to refuse.

Then there came the keen thunder of a rifle shot.

Dale butted for a moment. Between two sycamores on the nearer side of the river he saw a puff of smoke rising lazily from behind a water oak on the farther side; a Littleford had fired first. Dale went on, moving rapidly and trying to keep himself always in plain view.

Then came a puff of white smoke and a report from one of the Moreland rifles, then shots from both sides—and the battle was on. Dale heard the nasty whine of a bullet in full flight; he heard the coarse "zaz" of a half-spent ricochet. He knew that he was in some danger now, and he was surprised to find that he was not frightened.

When he halted again it was on his knees behind the big white sycamore that sheltered John Moreland.

"Back, are ye?" frowned the mountaineer. And with the grimmest humor, "I reckon ye had a fine, large time in Cincinnati. Yore friend Harris was well, I hope. Git that money from him?"

"Cut that out," said Ben Dale. "It doesn't get us anywhere."

A bullet threw particles of sycamore bark to his face, interrupting. John Moreland pointed to a green furrow in the side of the tree.

"Ben Littleford himself," said Moreland. "He's a-bidin' o' that water oak across thar. Don't stick yore head out!"

The mountaineer turned his gaze over Dale's shoulder, and his countenance seemed to freeze. Dale looked around quickly and saw Babe Littleford, less than ten feet behind him! She had crept up through the tall grasses and weeds. In one hand she carried a white flag made of a man's handkerchief and a willow switch. She halted and sat up.

"Babe!" Dale cried out. "What are you doing here?"

Babe gave him a pale smile. "Ef you'd shoot me, a-thinkin' I was a Moreland, melbe it'd stop the everlastin' fightin'!" she said.

John Moreland stared, and Ben Dale stared. They were in a Presence, and they knew it. Babe went on:

"I've come to save all o' yore lives; but ef I do it, ye'll had to make yore men quit a-fightin' right now—jest order 'em to stop a-shootin', and hold up this here—and I promise ye on a Littleford's word at pap'll call ye a better man 'an him 'cause ye done it—"

"Then we'll hold it up," declared the new master in a voice of iron. "This is a case for a surgeon. Get a blanket and two poles and make a litter."

John Moreland hastened away obediently. Dale turned to Ben Littleford, who sat in a motionless heap beside the still figure of his daughter.

"It was only a few hours ago," he said accusingly, "that this poor girl told me she'd be glad to give her life to stop your fighting, and now, perhaps, she's done it! You're a brute, Littleford. I like to fight, myself, but not when it costs women anything."

The conscience-stricken hillman gave no sign that he had heard. There was silence save for the low murmur of the river and the tragic song of a bird somewhere in the branches of the big white sycamore.

CHAPTER VI.

Back Home.

Every mother's son of the feudists was numbered in the party that filed across David Moreland's mountain to intercept the next south-bound train. The old enmity was for the time being forgotten. Members of one clan rubbed elbows with members of the other clan, and thought nothing of it. John Moreland himself carried one end of the crude litter that held the limp form of Babe Littleford; Bill Dale carried the other end.

Close behind the litter walked Babe's father, seeming old and broken with remorse for the thing he had done. The grief of Ben Littleford was touching now, and Dale was a little sorry that he had spoken so bitterly to him.

They reached the Halfway switch ten minutes before the arrival of the fast mail. A short passenger train was on the long siding, waiting for the south-bound to pass. Dale gave his end of the litter to Caleb Moreland, and strode up to the locomotive. The engineer sat quietly smoking in his cab.

Dale wanted the fast mail stopped, and gave his reasons.

The engineer smoked and considered. It was against rules. Dale swore at rules. The engineer said he would see the conductor. He did, and the conductor stepped to the ground and began to consider.

"Better put her on my train," he said finally, "and take her to Barton's station. There's a good doctor at Barton's."

"But this is a case for a surgeon!" impatiently interrupted Bill Dale.

They disagreed. The old trainman was a close friend of the doctor at Barton's station. What was the difference between a doctor and a surgeon, anyway?

Dale became angry.

"You'll stop the fast mail for us," he snapped, "or we'll take your d-d red flag and hold her up long enough to put the girl aboard, and you've got only half a second to decide which!"

The conductor was obstinate. The mountain men were too hot-headed to hear with him longer. The positions of a dozen rifles underwent a sudden change. The conductor immediately went pale and mentioned the law—but he agreed to stop the south-bound.

As he ordered his flagman up the tracks, the sound of the fast train's whistle came to their ears.

The fier came to a screeching halt. Sparks streaming from its wheels, Bill Dale and John Moreland passed the litter and its burden into the baggage car and followed it hastily, and Ben Littleford climbed in after them. John Moreland leaned out of the doorway and ordered his son Luke to pass him his rifle, and Luke obeyed promptly.

There was a shriek from the whistle, and the brakes were released; the train began to gather momentum. A baggage-man approached John Moreland and asked why the rifle. Moreland half closed one keen grey eye and patted the walnut stock of his repeater.

"Oh, I jest brought it along to see 'at everybody has a straight deal," he drawled—"go on about yore business, mister."

The baggage-man went about his business.

The conductor of the fast train was very unlike the conductor of the north-bound. When he had learned something of the circumstances, he instructed that Dale had done exactly the right thing. He would see whether there was a doctor aboard.

Within five more minutes he returned in company with an elderly man wearing a pointed beard and nose glasses.

"Doctor McKenzie," he said politely, "Mr. —"

The two nodded, and the physician knelt beside the litter, which had been placed with its ends on boxes to allow the center to swing free. He made as though an examination was possible under the conditions, then arose and stood looking down upon the young woman with something like admiration in his sober, professional eyes.

"Perfect physique," he said as though to himself. "She will have to undergo an operation," he told Dale. "The bone there is broken in slightly, making a compression; she will doubtless be unconscious until the pressure is relieved. But she has fine chances for a quick and entire recovery, with a good surgeon on the job, so there's not much ground for worry."

Dale was glad. They were all glad. Ben Littleford laughed nervously in his sudden joy. He went down to his knees beside his daughter, took up one of her limp hands and stroked it in a way that was pitiful.

When he arose he spoke cordially to Moreland. But Moreland didn't reply. He still looked upon his old enemy with contempt.

Doctor McKenzie was leaving the train at the next town of importance, and he would wire Doctor Braemer to meet them with an ambulance, if Dale wished.

"If you please," said Dale.

They reached the city shortly before midnight, and were promptly met by the surgeon. Braemer took charge of the patient, put her into his ambulance and hurried her to his private hospital. Bill Dale and the two clan chiefs followed in an automobile. The hillmen had never before seen an automobile; but they asked no questions about it, and the only word of comment was this, from John Moreland: "I don't like the smell."

Everything had been made ready for the operation, and Babe received surgical aid without delay.

The two mountaineers and Dale waited in another room. Dale had induced John Moreland to unload his rifle, both chamber and magazine. Babe's father paced the floor anxiously now and then. Moreland sat like a stone, with his empty rifle between his knees, and watched his old enemy quietly.

It seemed a long time before Braemer came to them and told them smilingly that it was all over and that the girl was then coming under the effects of the ether. She would be all right soon, he was reasonably certain. No, they'd better not see her just then. But perhaps they could see her at some time during the afternoon of the following day.

(To be Continued.)

YOUTH MAY GO BLIND

Wood Alcohol Said to be Probable Cause.

Believed by physicians to be suffering from wood alcohol poisoning, the 20-year-old son of S. J. Hemrick, a former city policeman, was in a serious condition at the city hospital early this morning, says a Greenville dispatch.

Physicians who attended him reported the man's condition to be slightly improved but that they fear that blindness may follow within the next few days.

Young Hemrick was arrested Saturday night by a county official being charged with drunkenness and carrying a pistol. Early yesterday morning while confined in the county jail, Hemrick became suddenly ill. He gasped a few times and sank into unconsciousness.

Follow prisoners gave the alarm and Jailer Frank Christopher hurriedly called a physician. The young man was rushed to the city hospital, where physicians, believing him to be poisoned, resorted to a stomach pump to save his life. At the same time an examination of blood was made in the effort to determine the cause of the young man's illness.

The blood examination caused the physicians to be even more puzzled it was stated. The blood taken from the young man would not take up oxygen as blood under ordinary circumstances does.

When rushed to the hospital young Hemrick was said by physicians to be black in the face and apparently suffering extreme agony. Physicians sought to save the young man's life from the time that he arrived shortly after 9 o'clock, until yesterday afternoon when Hemrick revived.

Young Hemrick is said by physicians to have stated that he had taken some fluid believed by him to be whiskey during Saturday afternoon and that he had felt no ill effects until yesterday morning.

County officials on learning of the young man's condition started efforts to locate the person or persons from whom Hemrick obtained the whiskey.

"JONES' PRIVATE ARGUMENT"

More than fifty years ago Sidney Lanier, Georgia's honored poet, voiced the attitude of the cotton farmers in the following lines:

That air same Jones, which lived in Jones.

He had this pint about him: He'd swear with a hundred sighs and groans.

That farmers must stop gittin' loans, And git along without 'em.

That bankers, warehousemen and sich Was fattenin' on the planter, And Tennessee was rotten-rich A-rasin' meat and corn, all which Draw'd money to Atlanta.

And the only thing (says Jones) to do Is, eat no meat that's boughten, But tear up every I. O. U. And plant all corn and swear for true 'To quit a-rasin' cotton!"

Thus spouted Jones when folks could hear.

And thus kep' spoutin' many a year, Proclaimin' loudly far and near, Sich fiddlesticks and blatherin's.

But one all-fired sweatin' day, It happened I was hoisin' My lower corn-field, which it lay 'Longside the road that runs my way. What I can see what's goin'.

And after twelve o'clock had come I felt a kinder fuggin'.

And laid myself un'ath a plum To let my dinner settle sum.

When 'long come Jones's waggin.

And Jones was sittin' in it, so, A-readin' of a paper.

His mules was goin' powerful slow, For he had had the lines onto 'The staple of the scraper.

The mules they stopped about a rod From me, and went to feedin' 'Longside the road, upon the sod, But Jones (which he had took a rod) 'Not knowin', kept a-readin'.

And presently say he: "Hit's true, That's Clibby's head is level. Thar's one thing farmers all must do, To keep the mules from runnin' 'twix Bankruptcy and the devil!"

"More corn! more corn—must plant less ground. And mustn't eat what's boughten! Next year they'll do it! 'Reasonin' sound. And cotton will fetch 'bout a dollar a pound!"

"Tharfore I'll plant all cotton!" —Macon, Georgia, 1876.

—Two-thirds of the world's food supply is concentrated in the United States and more is coming in.

666 cures Malaria, Chills and Fever, Bilious Fever, Colds and LaGrippe, or money refunded.

Western Volcano Is Still Considered Dangerous.

Lassen Peak, in northern California, is believed to be the only volcano in the United States which has been active during the life of any person now living.

Back in 1914 the peak, which is 10,437 feet high, sent forth smoke and steam. Scientific investigations showed that a new crater, 25 by 49 feet, had been formed within the old one.

With the first eruption came bits of rock and dust, which were spread over the snow for a distance of 300 feet. More eruptions followed and the biggest came in 1915.

In 1918 it was thought the volcano had returned to dormant state, but in 1919 it broke forth again and frequent eruptions have occurred since that time. A total of more than 250 eruptions have occurred.

In recent outbursts Lassen Peak has spewed fragments varying in size from microscopic bits to a mass 15 feet in diameter and weighing more than 60 tons.

An eruption looks like a cloud of smoke because the steam, cooling in the air and turning to vapor, becomes colored by the dust. Sulphur, in a gaseous state, has also been emitted. On one occasion super-heated gas and ash escaped from beneath an old lava cap and melted a great snow bank. A flood resulted.

HOW "HARD TIMES START"

French Allegory Illustrates Far-Reaching Effect of One Man's Action.

Across the editorial desk from some unremembered source came a little bit of French allegory, relates the Kewanee Magazine.

A portrait painter sat in his favorite cafe sipping his wine. His first small bottle finished, he was about to order more when his eye fell on a headline in the Figaro, "Hard Times Are Coming," so instead of ordering his usual second bottle he called for his check.

"Is there anything wrong with the wine?" asked the landlord.

"The wine is good, but I did not order a second bottle because hard times are coming and we must economize," explained the artist.

"Hard times," said the landlord, "Then my wife must not order the silk dress we planned, but must take one of cotton."

"Hard times," repeated the dressmaker when the order was cancelled. "This is no time to expand. I must not make the improvements I had planned in the place?"

"Hard times, eh?" said the builder

when the dressmaker cancelled the building plans. "Then I cannot have my wife's portrait painted." So he wrote to the artist and cancelled his order.

After receiving the letter the artist went again to the favorite cafe and ordered a small bottle of wine to soothe him. On a nearby chair was the paper in which he had read of hard times two days before. He picked it up to read more closely and found it was two years old!

HOW JAPANESE TEA IS MADE

Plant is Steamd and Leaves Rolled for Hours.

The tea plant belongs to the same family of evergreens as the camellia, and has small white flowers, slightly fragrant, says the Detroit News. As a rule the seeds are planted on terraces on gentle hill slopes, but level ground may also be used provided it is kept drained. The shrub is not allowed to attain a height of more than three or four feet.

It is ready for picking in its third year, but is at its best from the fifth to tenth year. The first picking takes place at the end of April and lasts three or four weeks. There is a second picking in June or July. This work is generally done by girls.

As soon as possible after being picked, the leaves are placed on a round tray with a brass wire bottom, over boiling water. This process is steaming, which is completed in half a minute, brings the natural oil to the surface. The next and principal operation is the firing, which is done on a wooden frame, with thick Japanese paper stretched across it, charcoal well covered with ashes being the fuel employed.

This first firing is done at a temperature of about 120 degrees Fahrenheit. Meanwhile the leaf is manipulated for hours by men who roll it into balls with the palms of their hands. The final results is obtained when each leaf becomes separately twisted, and changes its color to a dark olive green. Two more firings at a lower temperature follow, after which the leaf is allowed to dry until it becomes quite brittle. When this process is complete the tea is kept strictly dry, as moisture destroys its aroma. Tea so made is the genuine Japan tea, or what is commonly known in America as "green tea."

A junior student in Montana State college is the first woman ever to be named a ranger in Yellowstone Park. It is said she knows every hill and valley and points of interest in the big resource. She has spent every summer of her life in the park.

FOR FINAL DISCHARGE.

NOTICE is hereby given that on Tuesday, August 26, I will make a Final Settlement with the Probate Court of York county as Administrator of the Estate of MASON BRATTON, deceased, and that I will then and there apply for my discharge from further liability in connection with said administration.

Mrs. Margaret C. Bratton, Administratrix.

July 22, 1921.

REAL ESTATE

\$\$\$\$\$ If You Want Them, See ME

SOME OF MY OFFERINGS:

40 Acres—Seven miles from York, bounded by lands of J. B. McCarter, C. W. Carroll, H. G. Brown and others; 3-room residence, barn and cotton house. Well of good water; five or six acres bottom land. Buck Horn creek and branch runs through place. About 24-acre pasture; 5 or 6 acres woods. About 2.4 mile to Beersheba school. It is going to sell; so if you want it see me right away. Property of H. C. Farris.

60-2.5 Acres—41-2 miles from York, and less than half mile to Philadelphia school house, church and station. Four room residence, besides hall; 4-room tenant house; barns; 3 wells of good water, and nice orchard. About 8 acres in pasture and woods and balance open land. Act quick if you want it. Property of C. J. Thomason.

90 Acres at Brattonville—Property of Estate of Mrs. Agnes Harris. Will give a real bargain here.

144 Acres—Five miles from Filbert on Ridge Road, bounded by lands of W. M. Burns, John Hartness and others; 7-room residence, 5-stall barn and other outbuildings; two 4-room tenant houses, 10-acre pasture and 1 good spring; 3 horse farm open and balance in timber (oak, pine, etc.) and pasture. About 2 miles to Dixie School and Beersheba church. Property of Mrs. S. J. Barry.

33 Acres—Adjoining the above tract, about 3 or 4 miles from York, and balance open land. Will sell this tract separately or in connection with above tract. Property of J. A. Barry.

195 Acres—Four miles from York, on Turkey creek road, adjoining lands of Gettys, Queen and Watson; 2-horse farm open and balance in woods and pasture. One and one-half miles to Philadelphia and Miller schools. The price is right. See me quick. Property of Mrs. Molly Jones.

Five Room Residence—On Charlotte street, in the town of York, on large lot. I will sell you this property for less than you can build the house. Better act at once.

McLain Property—On Charlotte St. in the town of York. This property lies between Neely, Cannon and Lockmore mills, and is a valuable piece of property. Will sell it either as a whole or in lots. There is an opportunity to make some money.

89 acres—3 miles from York, 5 miles from Smyrna and 5 miles from King's Creek. Smyrna R. F. D. passes place. One horse farm open and balance in woods—something like 100,000 feet saw timber. 12 acres fine bottom, 3 room residence. Property of P. B. Bigger.

210 acres—3 1-2 miles from York on Pinekey road. 8 room residence, well of good water, 2 large barns, three 4 room tenant houses and one 3 room tenant house. 10-acre pasture. Good orchard. About 150 acres open land, balance in oak and pine timber. Property of M. A. McFarland.

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